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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



WORK OF THE STUDENTS

Of the American Academy in Rome, Showing Mr. Swartz's "Three Fates."

BURIED TREASURE; MAD LONDON MOBS.

Newspaper Advertising Scheme
That Became One of Biggest
Crazes on Record.

TROOPS CALLED OUT TO SAVE.

Public Property Was Being Dug Up by
Crowds Armed With Everything
From a Spade to a Corkscrew.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—It was found necessary for mounted troops to disperse the mob of treasure-seekers on Woolwich Common yesterday morning.

This announcement was made in a London paper a few days ago, and perhaps it may give a faint idea of the extent of the madness which at present has London in its grip.

It was some evil genius in the office of a green-covered penny weekly, published by Sir George Newnes, who invented the now famous advertising scheme and began the craze by burying \$2,000 in gold in a public place and indicating its whereabouts by means of "clues" embodied in a serial story. The identity of the man has to be carefully concealed in these days, for otherwise he would stand in some danger of being torn limb from limb by indignant property owners.

Alfred Harmsworth, chief proprietor of the Daily Mail and so many other periodicals that he probably couldn't name them all off-hand, was the first to copy the scheme in his Weekly Dispatch, and then The News of the World, another London Sunday paper, took it up. Between them "treasure" to the extent of \$30,000 has been concealed in public parts of London and the larger provincial towns. Only one of these journals, however, has hinted the actual cash, the other having secreted in different neighborhoods small brass medallions, each of which entitles the holder to \$50, or \$250.

To begin with 20 of these medallions, representing \$5,000, were "planted" in the first newspaper, 10 being hidden in London and 10 in the provinces. The thing made such a sensation that the first journal promptly went on better by burying \$100 in gold, or \$10,000 in all these tubes, like the other journals' medallions, being secreted in absolutely public places. Of course this gave an immense fillip to the business, but things came to a climax when it was announced that the first newspaper had "laid down" a further series of medallions representing an additional sum of \$15,000.

THE CLUES.

"Clues" to the hiding places of these prizes are published every Sunday by the newspapers responsible for the schemes, but not, as was done by Titbits, in the shape of allusions in the course of a continued story. The medallions and tubes of treasure were hidden in the different localities by special representatives of the newspapers, and in the columns of the journals these men, after naming the specific London or provincial district chosen by them, give rather vague descriptions of the exact neighborhood in which they hid the treasure. Here, for example, is one of these clues which relates to Mortlake, a small London suburb: "Still hugging my tube containing £20 (100), I inspected the neighborhood. There was a railway line, which crossed and went on past some shops and a small common, until I arrived at a building of only passing interest to tea-totallers. Turning down past this place, I found myself between two rows of small houses, at the end of which stood an educational establishment. Not a soul in sight, so, without let or hindrance, I quickly buried the tube and afterwards made my way back to town." Amazing scenes follow upon the publication of such clues. With a prudence that has stood them well in

hand the newspapers had been careful to say plainly that the medallions or tubes of "sovereigns" had not been hidden on private property, and the result was that in practically every section of London on the morning following the appearance of the first batch of "clues" a street, alley or public square was taken into possession by a crowd composed of a hundred to a thousand men, women and children, armed with all sorts of implements of search and all fired with the ambition to gather in \$250 in return for a morning's digging.

MADNESS GROWS RAPIDLY.

The first week these treasure-seekers mostly contented themselves with getting their Sunday paper in the regular way—and then set out for the neighborhood in their district to which the published "clues" seemed to point. Though in some places dense crowds gathered on the railway stations to secure the papers as soon as they were thrown out of the trains.

But a week later—several lots of treasure having been successfully unearthed in meantime—the madness became more acute. The medallion and tube-burial newspapers are published at 1:45 Sunday morning, and before 11 o'clock on the second Saturday night following the opening of the treasure quest, crowds had begun to gather about the offices of the two journals. By the time the newspapers were published these crowds were numbered at least 5,000 persons, of all sorts and conditions, or enough entirely to block up the street and make it absolutely impassable.

These treasure-seekers had all sorts of vehicles waiting for them, too—cabs, bicycles, tradesmen's light carts and even motor cars, so that they could dig in the direction of the nearest treasure trove. They had got a paper and ascertained its whereabouts. Some people had allies stationed at the telephone in suburbs where it had been announced that treasure would be hidden, in order to be able to repeat the "clues" to them and thus gain a long start on rivals.

As the minutes went by, this mob grew more and more excited, and any unpleasure in the newspapers offices was quickly turned into a riot. Men, women and children fought with each other to get to the windows where the papers were being sold, and those who had secured copies hardly could get away with them. Newsboys who had received bundles of the Sunday journals charged what they pleased for them. One boy demanded half a crown, or 60 cents, a copy—and couldn't hand them out fast enough. Meanwhile the folk who had got their papers were setting off hot foot in all directions bound for the treasure grounds, while the streets of the sleeping town were beginning to resound with the newsboys' cries of "Clues to the hidden treasure—all the clues!"

ALL SORTS OF QUEER IMPLEMENTS.

Some of those treasure-seekers actually begin work on Sunday mornings before it is light—using candle-lamps, lanterns, and even candles—but most of them wait until dawn to begin hunting. This is about 4 a. m., and from that time until 8 or 9 o'clock of all sorts keep pouring into whatever unhappy neighborhood the newspaper "clues" have seemed to indicate until often there are more than a thousand of them.

Implement used in the search have included garden trowels, umbrellas, walking sticks, carpenters' gouges, chisels, gimlets, screwdrivers, spades, penknives, tableknives and forks. One man even sallied forth with a hatchet, and another with a corkscrew, while among the searchers, too, was a woman with a table-saw!

An ingenious individual appeared in Brighton last Sunday with a diving red, and to show how the craze for this sort of thing has grown, it may be said that one of the most ardent searchers in the Chelsea district was a blind man. In some localities, too, friends and families have formed themselves into syndicates in order to be able to search more systematically.

Needless to say, it is hardly a true Sabbath calm that rests over these crowds of eager folk, most of them poor, who are seeking for treasure in this way. Fights and squabbles happen every few minutes; double and triple forces of policemen have all they can do to keep order, and to people on their way to church the whole business is an abominable nuisance.

It has proved safest for one who has chanced on one of the hidden medallions or tubes of sovereigns not to proclaim his find from the housetops. A man who was only suspected of having hit on one of the treasure troves was

chased by a mob some hundreds strong, and finally shook them off by jumping on an omnibus which, luckily, had only one seat empty.

For the most part these gangs of "treasure-hunters" have borne in mind the newspapers' warning that the treasure is never buried on private property, and so confined their efforts to streets, gutters and the neighborhood of public buildings; but in some districts private flowerbeds have been torn up, fences knocked down and lawns ruined by those who believed that, after all, the magic disks might be found in this way.

The first public protest over this sort of thing was made by a London householder, who wrote to the Times describing his experience with the "treasure-seekers."

"Last evening," he said, "on returning home, I found a crowd of people, some of them actually engaged in digging down to the bases of the iron columns supporting the railings in front of my own and adjoining houses, and others looking on at the mischief in progress. I collared one of the diggers, and, as he refused to give me his name and address, I endeavored to take him to a police station, but a mob soon gathered round us and demanded that I should release my hold of the man. This, at considerable peril to myself, I refused to do, and thereupon I was hustled by several men, who enabled my prisoner to slip out of his coat, leaving it in my hands and to run away amid the plaudits of his companions." The crowd grew so threatening that the householder had to take refuge in a chemist's shop and, later, was taken home under police guard.

London districts outside the actual business centers are literally being dug up by folk in quest of "treasure," and arrests are being made wholesale every day on charges of damaging public property. In one case it was declared that the whole of the channeling on both sides of a street had been disturbed, all the joints scraped out between the curbstones and part of the asphalt broken. Paving stones have been torn up all over London. On Tuesday morning a boundary stone weighing 300 or 400 was dislodged and thrown into a roadway, and alongside a canal that runs through the London suburbs the towing path has been grubbed up for more than two miles. In the London parish of Marylebone a man was arrested for digging up the roots of a tree. Referring to a street in the Chelsea district, a householder writing to one of the newspapers says, pathetically: "White Horse Lane now looks like a plowed field." Recently a man was arrested and taken into court charged with picking at Woolwich a public building with a corkscrew. At Reading, a town not far from London, two women were looking for "treasure" on the bank of a river when both fell in and came near being drowned.

The assault on Woolwich common, however, to check which mounted troops had to be brought from the local garrison, has about brought matters to a head. Early in the morning the "clues" that day having indicated the common as a spot where treasure had been buried, more than 1,000 persons descended on the locality and began to prod and dig in good earnest. The more they hunted, the madder they got, and when it became evident that the whole common would be dug up unless the thing was stopped the police resorted to the use of force. The treasure-seekers were ordered to clear the common away. At first it really looked as if there would be a riot and blood shed, for the crowd was angry and determined not to be disturbed, but finally the seekers after gold were made to see that the troops meant business, and before long the badly damaged field was clear.

Meantime, every few days some lucky wight hits upon either one of the medallions or one of the tubes of sovereigns. The names and addresses of these are published promptly, and so the excitement is kept at fever heat. The proprietors of the two newspapers responsible for it all are jubilant, especially Alfred Harmsworth, who said in an interview the other day that by means of the "hidden treasure" idea he had "resuscitated a sheet which in newspaper circles for years had been considered a hopeless corpse." The employees of these journals, however, are not so happy. Their lives are being made miserable by all sorts of inquiries regarding the "treasure." At the office of the newspapers the telephone bell is kept ringing from morning till night by folk all over London, who are anxious to know if the medallion or tube hidden in their district has been found.

A sort of panic seems to have seized the whole staff of the Weekly Dispatch, the journal which is responsible for the buried medallions. You can pick them out on Fleet street by the way they shy off if a stranger tries to speak to them. HAYDEN CHURCH.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AT ROME

Progress of a Flourishing Institution in the Famous Villa Ludovisi.

RECOGNIZED BY ROYALTY.

At Last it is Put on a Footing With
The German and French Academies
—A Long, Hard Fight.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, Feb. 15.—News that an American academy was about to be established in Rome created some amazement and a good deal of criticism in 1895. But the school appeared nevertheless under the name of the "American School of Architecture in Rome," supported, and started, by the architects who had conceived and brought forth the world's fair at Chicago, and their friends, notably Mr. McKim, who may be styled the founder of the enterprise, and who has given large sums towards it, and is now the president. The architects were joined in 1897 by the best known American sculptors and mural painters, so that out of the modest beginning rose the present "American Academy in Rome."

It was small at first compared with the great academies of France and Spain, but it lived and prospered, widened and became more influential, until today, after only nine years since its inception, it stands proudly on an equality with the institutions of European countries.

The French academy established by the "Rot Soliel" is housed in the famous Villa Medici, next to the Pinclan drive, and the American academy, with its associated artists, is housed in the Tarpeian Rock, of terrible memory, and dominates the town; the Spanish is on the heights of the Janiculum, having the frowning church of San Pio to Montepio above it, celebrated as the spot where St. Peter suffered martyrdom by being crucified with his head down; and the American is domiciled in the Casino of the famous Villa Ludovisi, a place of magnificent and celebrated ruins. The academy is on the Tarpeian Rock, of terrible memory, and dominates the town; the Spanish is on the heights of the Janiculum, having the frowning church of San Pio to Montepio above it, celebrated as the spot where St. Peter suffered martyrdom by being crucified with his head down; and the American is domiciled in the Casino of the famous Villa Ludovisi, a place of magnificent and celebrated ruins.

When the building fever broke out, just after the establishment of Rome as capital of United Italy, Prince Ludovisi sold his magnificent villa, piece by piece, to building and real estate speculators in the process. The historic trees were moved down like corn, but the Casino and an ample garden about it were preserved. In this historic Casino, with its associated artists, the American Academy has settled itself. The grounds are 20 feet above the surrounding streets, and are about two acres in extent, the huge old trees giving shade in summer, and in spring in winter, while they certainly produce an "atmosphere" dear to the artist's heart. The house was built by a Ludovisi, nephew of the Pope of that name, in the days when nepotism was a virtue. It contains many frescoes of value, but above all the glorious "Aurora" of Guercino, which runs that of Guido Reni very close in the mind of art lovers, but, as usual, it is on a ceiling and requires the use of ladders to see it, so much so that many ladies whose hats are of fashionable largeness refuse the gymnastics and content themselves with looking at a photograph.

The students in the academy take a course of study of three years, more with the aim to school the taste and observe, than to produce original work, the course being entirely for post-graduate study. The academy has already such and know the fundamentals of their craft. This year for the first time, the academy may be said to have received official recognition from the authorities here, under the guidance of Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray, the well-known New York artist.

The annual exhibition of the work of the academy was so notable and did such credit to America, that Ambassador Meyer, who takes great interest in the school, prayed the king to assist at the opening. His majesty not only accepted the invitation promptly, but her majesty, too, accompanied by the king, means little to good Republicans, but in Rome, the home of the academy, it meant much—recognition by the head of the state, a high compliment to America and the American people, and a recognition of the value and the placing of the academy on an equality with the other foreign art institutions. The occasion was also an important one for the reason that it was the first time that any American institution here of any kind, has been opened by the sovereign.

The king, it must be confessed, is not an art connoisseur, but the queen loved and knows good work when she sees it, so that she lingered long by those of the exhibits which touched her fancy, and which were, in fact, the best. There were 60 paintings, chief among them being the reproduction of the Pinturichio of the Sala Borgina, by the temporary director, Mr. Mowbray, for the ceiling of the library of the University club of New York, and a decorative panel of the "Three Fates" by A. Swartz, of Louisville, Ky., holder of the Lazarus prize; 24 architectural drawings, the finest being a production of the ceiling of the famous Massimo palace (now inhabited by the American Embassy), and the "Three Fates" by A. Swartz, of Louisville, Ky., holder of the Lazarus prize; 24 architectural drawings, the finest being a production of the ceiling of the famous Massimo palace (now inhabited by the American Embassy), and the "Three Fates" by A. Swartz, of Louisville, Ky., holder of the Lazarus prize.

The "tale," mentioned above, is always prefaced with an "I am told," and has not yet left the region of "you dits," but there seems to be no doubt that this visit of the king and queen to the academy has caused considerable heart-burn in the American colony, especially among the ladies, each of whom considers that she had a special and peculiar claim to be present, while in reality only Mrs. Meyer, the ambassador's wife, and Mrs. Mowbray, the wife of the director, were there, with the avowed idea of not offending anyone by picking and choosing. Thus the residents feel hurt, but the traveling American is positively enraged, as the accepted idea is that all the American officials are here to cater to their amusement and comfort, and that they should not introduce them to their majesties when at an American institute is an unimagineable affront. As there are now perhaps 5,000 Americans passing through the city, and as no lady can be asked to meet the queen who has not been presented, such claims have to be ignored.



THE HISTORIC ROMAN VILLA

Which is Now the Home of the American Academy.

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The academy is now, for the moment without a director, as Mr. Mowbray has just left for America, and a new one has not yet been appointed. The departure of Mr. Mowbray has caused considerable trouble, that their committee might see the queen who has not been presented, such claims have to be ignored.

TO KEEP AMERICANS ON.

British Jockey Club Will Investigate
Grievances of Sporting Men.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—Richard Croker's decision to remove his training quarters to Ireland and that of the late W. C. Whitney to take all his horses back to America as well as the remarks attributed to Huggins, Whitney's trainer, that English racing men do not want Americans on the English race course, are exercising the minds of the more reputable of the sporting fraternity here. They feel that the decisions arrived at by the Americans referred to are not calculated to foster American and English sportsmen, and in consequence a movement is on foot to get the Jockey club to make an investigation, before the commencement of the flat-racing season in March. The fact that the king has for some time employed American in preference to English jockeys has added to the seriousness of the situation, because English trainers do not wish his majesty to think that on account of the preference they would make things uncomfortable for American sportsmen. One of the English trainers in discussing the matter today said, "I certainly cannot regard so seriously, but both stables disappearing almost simultaneously makes English sportsmen feel that the sense of fair play of which England so freely boasts has been assailed."

REDUCTIONS OF TARIFF.

Emerald Isle Manufacturers Say
Duty on Goods is Prohibitive.

Special Correspondence.

DUBLIN, Feb. 17.—Irish manufacturers are anxious to have some reduction made in the duty which the United States now imposes on their products, and unless something can be done in this direction, the Emerald Isle's exhibit at St. Louis seems likely to be decidedly slim. The manufacturers contend that the present tariff precludes the possibility of their reaping any advantage from the exhibition of their goods in the United States, and with few exceptions they have declined to take the trouble of packing on this side which is the only expense they are asked to go to. The attitude they have taken up has caused some of the more prominent men interested in the industrial development of the country to look closely into the matter and at the moment Captain Shaw-Taylor, who has done so much towards settling the land question, Lord Iveagh, W. H. Pirrie and one or two others are collecting material which may assist them in placing the case of Ireland before President Roosevelt in the hope that the tariff on Irish manufactured goods may be somewhat reduced, thus enabling Ireland to cultivate a trade with America. They are basing their hopes of success on the fact that Congress discovered after the passing of the tariff act in 1897 that the duty on dried and cured fish was practically prohibi-

AMERICAN HEIRESS MARKET OF BERLIN

Arrangements for Supplying Penniless European Aristocrats
With Rich Wives.

AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

They Gather Information About the
Girl's Pedigree and Above All About
Her Father and His Standing.

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, Feb. 18.—The invasion of America by princes, counts, viscounts, barons and noblemen of all degrees from all the countries of Europe for the purpose of wedding American heiresses takes place in accordance with well known laws of trade. Europe suffers from an overproduction of aristocrats, and just as American commercial men seek foreign markets when they cannot do sufficient business at home, so these scions of noble houses are forced to travel westward to find a sphere in which they can successfully operate.

Comparatively few people on the American side of the Atlantic are aware of the vast numbers of noblemen of all ranks to be found in Europe. Unlike the titles of peers in England, which descend from father to eldest son, while younger sons and their children become degraded into commoners, the titles and dignities of continental noblemen are inherited by all their sons, however many they may have. The result is that the number of princes, counts and barons is being multiplied continually. The comparatively small proportion of aristocratic families which becomes extinct does not restore the balance upset by the birth of many sons to other families. One prince may be the father of a dozen other princes, who in their turn may become the fathers of 144 more little princes, who in due course may become the fathers of a thousand more princes. This illustrates the possibilities of the system.

A glance at the Almanach de Gotha conveys an approximate idea of the numerical strength of the nobility of Europe. No less than 3,250 pages of this book are crammed with the names of princes, counts, barons and aristocrats of other degrees, printed in liliputian type. The Almanach de Gotha, however, is only a register of the nobility of Germany, Austria and Hungary, taking practically no account of the minor aristocracy of Russia, Sweden, Denmark, France, Spain and Italy, where all the sons of noblemen inherit their fathers' rank and titles. A minimum estimate places the number of noblemen in all Europe at 100,000, while one eminent writer on genealogies states that he is convinced there are fully half a million of legitimate aristocrats in continental Europe alone.

One of the natural results of the European system is that the younger sons of noblemen inherit titles without money to maintain the corresponding style of living. Many of them enter the armies of Europe, where they are often conspicuous for their military incapacity; others obtain positions in various departments of state service, while others again resort to all sorts of queer methods of earning a living. A favorite resource of European noblemen with titles, but no money, is matrimonial alliance with daughters of American millionaires.

AN ORGANIZED INDUSTRY.

The demand of impetuous European noblemen for wealthy American wives has brought into existence a new industry, consisting in the supply of information to ambitious aristocrats regarding the number and position of marriageable heiresses in the American market. An organization known as the American Matrimonial Agency, which was formed some time ago, is doing a flourishing business in more than one European country. The headquarters is here in Berlin, and branches exist in Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Munich, Stuttgart, Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, Dresden, Rome, Milan, Madrid,

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